THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I Come, the Herald of a Noisy World, the News of All Nations Lumbering at My Back."

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A SNOW LEGEND.

O ye clouds that float above me,
O ye winds that round me blow,
Can ye tell me from what quarter
Comes the driving snow?

"From the north, inquiring maiden,
Where an old man, stooping low
By his grate, mourns o'er the ashes,"
Said the winds that blow.
"For the snowflakes are the ashes
Of the summer's glow.

"See him as he stoops and shivers,
Rubs his wrinkled hands and sighs—
'Just one ember left a-glowing.
And that ember dies;
Come back, summer, come and warm me,
I am cold,' he cries.

"Then he catches up the bellows,
Tries to make the embers glow;
Only sets the ashes whirling,
Dancing high and low.
And the ashes of the summer
Are the flakes of snow."
—Anna Temple in Youth's Companion.

THAT SCARFPIN.

It was the third week of my first visit to Paris. The days had been passed most pleasantly among the masters in painting and sculpture in the Louvre, among the modern paintings in the galleries of the Luxembourg, and in wandering about the parks and libraries. When I had first gone to the Hotel Normandie, I had found there my classmate and close friend, Melville, and we had whiled away several days most pleasantly in talking over our college joys and comparing our experiences since we had parted on the university campus the day of our graduation.

When I first met him in the corridor of the hotel I noticed on his cravat a curious pin which at once attracted my attention. In form it was oval, about a quarter of an inch in length, chocolate in color, and in the dim light of the hall seemed highly polished. It being so different from the usual scarfpin, I asked him where he got it. He did not reply to my question, but taking the pin from his tie handed it to me. Upon examining it I found its surface covered with what I took to be Egyptian hieroglyphics. Having given no little attention to the study of these curious signs, my interest was at once aroused, and I expressed a desire to keep it for a few days in order to examine it with a glass. But Melville, with a strange smile, took it without a word and put it back in his cravat, and I of course did not insist on examining it.

A few days later Melville met me in the corridor, stopped me and said that by the morning paper he had noticed that the day before an acquaintance of his, having lost his last napoleon in the Casino, had committed suicide at Monte Carlo; that he believed he was the only person in Europe who knew the unfortunate gambler, and he had decided to go to Monte Carlo and care for the body. While we were talking we had walked to the front of the hotel, and Melville had called a cab. Just before he got in he handed me his cravat pin, and with a smile said I could examine it while he was gone, and as he drove off he called back that he would be back in a few days and cautioned me to be careful of his pin.

Two weeks from that day I received a telegram from Melville saying he would be back that evening and asking me to procure seats for "Faust" at the Grand Opera. In the meantime I had given considerable attention to the pin and had concluded that it was without doubt a genuine Egyptian charm or fetich not less than 3,000 years old. Such stones being very rare and valuable, I was surprised that my friend had intrnsted it to me at all, and I was anxious to learn where he had obtained so great a curiosity.

That afternoon I determined to take a walk in the garden of the Tuilleries, which is not far from the Normandie. After an exhilarating walk I had taken a seat and drawn a book from my pocket, intending to read an hour before returning for dinner, but my attention was soon drawn from my book by a young lady sitting diagonally across the promenade from me. She had taken the seat soon after I sat down, and was looking in such a direction that I could get only a profile view of her face, which seemed strangely familiar to me. After reading and watching alternately for half an hour I determined to get a better view of her face in order to decide whether I was mistaken in my idea that I had seen her.

As I started toward her she rose and walked in the same direction. I had followed her perhaps 30 yards when she stumbled, and the next instant with a groan fell to the ground. As quickly as possible I had lifted her up and helped her to a seat near by. I then asked her if I should call assistance, but she said it would not be necessary as she would be all right in a moment, although she would be glad if I would remain with her. Such a request I could not refuse, nor did I care to, as I had discovered she was quite pretty, and from her accent I knew she was an American.

When in a few minutes I asked her if I should call a cab, she thanked me and asked if I would not be kind enough to drive with her to 74 Rue de Blanc, a street not far away on which I knew were situated a large number of fashionable pensions or boarding houses. On the way she told me that her home was in Massachusetts, and with her father and brother she was making a long stay in Paris. When we reached her number, she insisted that I go in and meet her father, and I of course agreed.

As soon as I had paid the cabman and given him three times the usual gratuity I followed my fair and new found friend into the parlor, where I remained while she went to find her father. She quickly returned, saying that he was out, but would return in a short time, and that if I would wait she would try to entertain me. Inwardly thanking the old gentleman for being so considerate, I was much pleased to wait.

The time passed pleasantly and rapidly, and I thought nothing of the father's prolonged absence, but suddenly I remembered Melville and the opera, looked at my watch and found that I had barely time to get dinner, meet my friend and reach the play. I was very sorry that I could not wait longer, and at her request I promised to call the next afternoon at 3.

Rising to go, I took my hat and was about to open the door, when I was much surprised to find a pair of arms around my neck. Half angry and wholly amazed I hardly knew what to do, but hearing a step without in an instant I had slipped from her embrace and opened the door. Coming up the steps was a middle aged gentleman, at the sight of whom the girl shrieked and ran down the hall. The gentleman stopped me and asked how I happened to be with that lady. I told him that I had met her in the garden, had brought her to this house and had waited to meet her father.

He smiled sadly and said he had just left notice at the police headquarters to have the entire force on the lookout for her; that two months before her brother had been lost in attempting the ascent of the Matterhorn, and since that time she had been a maniac; he was keeping her confined in a suite of rooms at this house, hoping that entire rest would restore her reason. He thanked me for what I had done and asked me to call the next afternoon.

Having eaten my dinner very rapidly, I met Melville and we went to the opera. During the time between acts he told me of his sad trip to Monte Carlo, and it was not until we were slowly walking up the Avenue de l'Opera that I told him of my unusual experience of the afternoon.

With a shade of that same strange smile I had before noticed he asked me the appearance of the man, and when I described him he half muttered, "I thought so." Nothing more was said for several blocks, when he suddenly asked, the smile being fully developed, "And where is my pin?" I put my hand to my cravat—the pin was gone! I knew that I had worn it in the afternoon, and now it was missing. Melville noticed my surprise and said again, "I thought so."

After walking a moment in silence he continued: "That pin was very highly valued by one of Europe's most noted gamblers. Some months ago, on account of severe losses, he was compelled to part with it at a very low figure, as its real value was not known. I recently discovered it in a pawnshop, recognized it as having belonged to this gambler and bought it for the ridiculous price of 10 napoleons. One day I met its former owner in the hotel. He recognized the pin on my tie, looked wistfully at it, but said nothing. Several times after that I noticed a rather pretty young lady watching me very closely. You have perfectly described both this woman and the gambler. Now you know where my pin is."

I said nothing; what could I say?

But the next day I called at 74 at the appointed hour. When I presented my card and asked for the gentleman, the reply came: "Ze zhentheman an hees daughter go dees mornin, but ze zhentheman leave ze note for monsieur." And she handed me an envelope containing a thousand franc note, upon one corner of which was written, "Many thanks for the pin." Both Melville and I were satisfied.—T. C. B. in Pittsburg Dispatch.

Be Fruitful and Multiply.

[St. Louis Republic.]

The palm for multiple children bearing is awarded to Mrs. Elsworth Miller, of Cold Springs, N. Y., who has been married less than ten years, but who, within that short space of time, has become the mother of seventeen children. The last addition to the family was a set of triplets, born on March 12 last. Mrs. Miller was married on October 10, 1883, and since that time has given birth to this numerous family, which are divided up as follows: Three sets of triplets, nine; three sets of twins, six, and two singles, two. Mrs. Miller is not yet thirty-one years of age.

In searching the annals of the world for material that will attest the appropriateness and peculiar fitness of the above title, it is found that Mme. de la Riva, of Florence, Italy, gave birth to eight children on September 9, 1507. Mme. Frescebaldi, another Florentine lady, who died in 1570, was the mother of fifty-two children, no fewer than three being born at one time, four and five at a single birth being nothing unusual with the Madame, and at one time six. In Aubrey's "Natural History of Wiltshire" (England), there is an account of the Bonham family, Thomas and Edith. Edith had twins and triplets on numerous occasions, and finally astonished all Wiltshire by giving birth to seven children at a time. "There is a tradition," to quote from Aubrey, "which is recorded in the parish register, that all seven of the children were brought together to the font of the church and there baptized." The Gentleman's Magazine for March 17, 1798, is authority for the statement that the wife of Pierra Duisain, of Verchoq, department of Pas de Calais, France, was the mother of six children, three boys and three girls, all born at a single birth. A lady (name not given) at Xenia, O., in the year 1850 gave birth to five children at one time. Mrs. James McElmore, who lived at Texarkana, Ark, in the year 1888, had become the mother of a family of nine children, all within the short space of three years, the last arrival being a trio of girls. Mrs. Phœbe Lynch, who was living at Seymour, Ind., in the same year (1888), had seven children at two births, eighteen months apart. The last four, two boys and two girls, were born on April 30, 1888.

TWO MODERN BORGIAS.

CRIMES FOR WHICH DR. AND MRS. MEYER WILL BE TRIED.

Story of the Lives Led by These Two Prisoners---Partial List of the Victims to Their Diabolical Skill.

MURDERS FOR MONEY.

[Louisville Times.]

Cesare Borgia poisoned his fellow human beings for reasons of ambition. Henry Meyer imitated him from reasons of cupidity. Borgia was a murderer from policy; Meyer from instinct. When Borgia sent a man to his account he expected to profit from his decease. In that respect Meyer was like Borgia, but his profit was found neither in place nor power, but in money wherewith to satisfy his base desires. Cesare had a sister, Lucrezia, who was as remarkable for her beauty and accomplishments as she was for her wickedness. Henry has a wife, beautiful and accomplished and wicked, and thus the nineteenth century is brought near to the fifteenth in crime if not in civilization. The history of Meyer is even more remarkable than that of Borgia, for the standards of life have changed since the time of Calixtus III. We no longer put our enemies out of the way. We are content to bankrupt them. Meyer, like Borgia, was not. He preferred to consign them to that place whence witnesses do not return and whither bailiffs with writs often penetrate but seldom find it convenient to serve them. He was satisfied if he could but collect the insurance money they had placed upon their lives, and troubled not so much about their souls as their premiums. Altogether, the case of Meyer and his lawful wedded wife, Mary, is one of the most remarkable the annals of the end of the century have to show. It is doubtful whether it will ever be paralleled.

This, so far as is known, is thought to be the record of crimes committed by this stony-hearted man. He is believed to have murdered by poison:

His first wife.
Henry Gilderman, of Chicago.
His own child.
An alleged wife in Toledo, O.
Ludwig Brandt, alias Gustav M. H. Baum, in New York.

The facts seem to show that he began to poison:

His second wife, Henry Gilderman's widow.
Mary Neiss, at South Bend, Ind.
An old man named Dresser in Chicago.

This list is almost certainly incomplete. As time passes new information reaches the police and they think the number of Meyer's victims will be found to be much larger than this.

The man Meyer and the woman Mary have long been numbered among the acquaintances of the police of the United States, but it was only the latter end of last week that they achieved that general notoriety after which the Carlyle Harrises lust and which the professional criminal dislikes. On Friday it was announced that they had been arrested in Detroit on a warrant charging them with the murder of Ludwig Brandt, March 30, 1892. They were found oppressed with poverty, living, but no more, in squalid misery. In the rooms in which the officers of the law came upon them there was almost no furniture and absolutely no food. In those cheerless, desolate and miserable surroundings lay the man who has for years lived riotously on his ill-gotten gains, who has flourished in many cities, and murdered in all; the skillful physician who gained fame and money in Chicago and New York, and had always been known as a man of luxurious tastes, always able to gratify them.

Late in 1876 Dr. Henry C. F. Meyer, possessed of a diploma from a medical college in Germany, engaged board with a family named Kirchoff, in Sedgwick street, near North avenue, Chicago. He had an office a block away, and was a practicing physician, yet he thought it well to attend the post-graduate lectures in Rush Medical College. In 1877 he married Mary Kirchoff, his landlady's daughter, a beautiful girl twenty-one years of age.

The next year he was called professionally to attend the child of Henry Gilderman, who owned a saloon and grocery store at the corner of Sedgwick and Menominee streets. It was then that he made the acquaintance of Mrs. Gilderman and learned that her husband was worth $45,000 and carried several thousand dollars insurance. At once he began to weave his toils around her, and soon she was inextricably bound to him with links of steel. By October, 1878, she was prepared to join Meyer in his plans and assist him to carry them out, and so it was that in that month both Gilderman and Mrs. Meyer, the bride of a year, died in horrible agony. Gilderman's estate amounted to about $40,000 after the children's share had been deducted, and Mrs. Meyer's life had been insured for a comfortable sum. Then Meyer married Mrs. Gilderman.

Of course, these coincidences were too fortunate not to excite gossip. The whole neighborhood began to ring with talk about Meyer and his new wife, and Matthew Stark, who had married Gilderman's sister, consulted with the police. Detective McGarigle, who was himself to become notorious, was put on the case and soon discovered enough of evidence to justify Stark, as he thought, in swearing out a warrant charging Dr. Meyer and the former Mrs. Gilderman with the murder of his brother-in-law. This was February 25, 1879.

The bodies of the dead were exhumed and the viscera given to Prof. Haines and Dr. J. E. Siebel, of the Chicago Medical College, for examination The inquest began April 4. Witnesses testified to the relations of the pair, the previous good health of both Gilderman and Mrs. Meyer and finally the sudden deaths with symptoms of poisoning. Dr. J. E. Siebel testified that he examined Mrs. Meyer's stomach for traces of poison. He found no mineral or organic poisons, but found some indications which led him to examine the intestines. There he found a poisonous alkaloid which strongly resembled colchicine, and finally isolated it so that he was enabled to analyze it separately. He found traces of the same poison in the liver. One-fifth or at most one-half a grain of colchicine was enough to produce death. It was not a common poison. He doubted if it could be found in an ordinary drug store. Prof Haines testified that he found traces of strychnine and chloroform in Gilderman's body. Witnesses were produced who sold Dr. Meyer the chloroform. On this evidence the Coroner's jury held the pair for murder.

But they were never brought to trial. Justice was blinder then than it is supposed to be now, and after Mrs. Meyer had sold about $30,000 worth of real estate they were enabled to easily evade her. The grand jury refused to take the matter up, and Meyer and his wife were released. They lived together for two years, during which time a child was born to them—a girl—who is now about thirteen years old.

In 1881 the child Mary Kirchoff had borne to Meyer was found dead in a bath tub, with unmistakable evidences of murder. Meyer was again arrested and again released. The next year Mrs. Meyer fell ill, and at once asserted that she, too, was being poisoned. Her husband ordered her medicine, but she refused to take it and insisted upon having other physicians. They were called and confirmed her belief. They said she was suffering from poison. Meyer disappeared and stayed away until he had induced his wife to withdraw her accusations. Then he returned and said he had been in Germany. He wanted to resume relations with his wife, but she had been warned and knew better than to do so, and six months afterward she secured a divorce on the ground of undue intimacy between Meyer and a Miss Dresser, daughter of a retired merchant, who lived in Bissell street. Not long after she married a man named Mullock. She is still living in Chicago.

The next thing Meyer did was to procure a policy of insurance for $10,000 upon the life of old Dresser, and the first thing Dresser did after the policy was secured was to fall sick. This sickness aroused the suspicions of the Germania Insurance Company, which had issued the policy, and it notified Meyer that it would make an investigation. Instantly Meyer and Miss Dresser fled the city. A year later both were arrested in Denver and brought back to Chicago for trial. The daughter prevailed upon her father, who had recovered, not to prosecute, and Meyer was released. He began to feel that Chicago was not a good place for him, and soon afterward he and the Dresser woman, who passed and still passes as his wife, left and have never been engaged there in active business since.

Where Meyer and his wife, Mary Dresser (for he had married her before he left Chicago), spent the years that elapsed between their departure from Chicago and their arrival in New York with Ludwick Brandt, has not yet been discovered, but it is certain that they did not abandon their infamous trade. May 1 of last year Meyer was seen in Chicago, and soon afterward he and his wife appeared in Toledo. The death of Brandt was too recent to allow them to use their own names, so they now became Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Wayler.

Meyer opened a bucket-shop, and for a time did a profitable business. Presently Mrs. Meyer gave birth to a child, and Mary Neiss was engaged to attend it. She was a very pretty girl, young, innocent, good natured and pliable. Soon Meyer induced her to personate his wife in an application for insurance, explaining that she would pass the examination more easily than "Mrs. Wayler," who was in delicate health.

So Meyer and Mary Neiss went to Detroit and made application at the office of the Equitable Life Insurance Company for a policy of $5,000. Mary was examined, declared to be a good risk, the first quarter's premium was paid, the policy was issued and the two rejoined the wife and baby in Toledo. They did not remain there long, however. Within a month all four removed to South Bend, Ind., where Meyer opened another bucket-shop.

Long before the second quarter's premium was due Mary Neiss was seized with illness and compelled to take to her bed. Rapidly she grew worse, and, in expectation of death, sent for her lover, a man named Miller. He came and at once recognized in "Mr. Wayler" the doctor who had created so much excitement in Sedgwick street years before. He told Mary the reputation Meyer bore, and, convinced himself, soon succeeded in convincing her that she was being poisoned as Henry Gilderman had been poisoned in Chicago. She at once stopped taking the medicine Meyer had furnished, and soon was on the road to recovery. It was a narrow escape, and Mary was glad to escape as she did. As soon as she was strong enough she went to Chicago and married Miller. They are still living there.

At once Meyer began to look for a girl to take Mary's place in the house, the insurance policy and the coffin. He soon succeeded. Who she was, what was her name and what were her antecents are unknown. As soon as she had been secured Meyer removed his household back to Toledo, and Mary Neiss' substitute passed there as his wife, while Mary Meyer was known as "Mr. Wayler's" sister. Within six months the girl was a corpse in Woodlawn Cemetery and the certificate of her death was in the possession of the Equitable Life Insurance Company. For some reason that company suspected that all was not right, and at its instance the body was exhumed and found to differ materially from the description in the policy, but before the crime could be fastened upon him Meyer hired a horse and buggy, and on April 5 last he and his pretended sister disappeared and have never been seen in Toledo since.

They went to Detroit and remained there until their arrest last week at the instigation of the Mutual Life Insurance Company.

Meyer and his wife will surely be convicted of the murder of Ludwig Brandt. They have reached the end of their tether, and the career of the most terrible criminal of modern times will close in the electric chair.

Married Life is a Failure.

[Atchison Globe.]

When a man is a liar and his wife knows it.

When a wife thinks more of her relatives than of her husband.

When a man is fool enough to expect an angel to marry him.

When a man frets because his wife did not love him before she knew him.

When a man is liberal and fair and cheerful with everyone except his wife.

When a woman marries for convenience and pretends that she marries for love.

When a man blames his wife because there is a large family of children.

When a wife stoops to her husband's level and tries to equal him in being mean.

When a wife believes her husband must love her whether she deserves it or not.

When a wife blames all the troubles on her husband instead of accepting her share.

When a wife expects the fact that she is a mother to compensate for all her failures.

When a wife fails to realize that patience and gentleness are more natural with her than a man.

When a woman imagines that all the women in the world are in love with her plug of a husband.

When a wife insists that her husband shall be as good as his mother instead of as good as his father.

When a wife expects that her husband shall be as good as his father.

When a man expects his wife ought to buy as much with one dollar as he himself can buy with two.

When a man expects the fountain to be higher than the head; when he expects a better home than he provides.

When a man is patient and cringing with men who do not care if they displease him, and impatient with his sick children.

When a man smacks his lips in recollections of his mother's cooking and forgets that he had the appetites as a boy and not a man.

When a wife pays too much attention to her husband's old vows and not enough to the nature of the man she has actually married.

When a man believes that a wife should give all her time to their home and then wonders that she never has any money of her own.

When a man quite frequently says he cannot control his temper when with his wife and children, although they know he controls it when provoked by a large muscular man enemy.

The Speed of Cannon Balls.

"The speed of every sort of projectile can be measured now to the fraction of an inch per second, and by calculating the resistence of the air it can be determined to the smallest fraction of a second just how long it will take a missile to reach a desired mark," said an engineer at the Navy Yard.

"How? It is extremely simple. So simple that its accuracy cannot be questioned. We have what you might call a 200-foot rule, and the time required by the shot to pass over the first 200 feet from the mouth of the gun is measured by it to give the initial velocity of the ball or shell.

"A line 200 feet long is marked from the mouth of the gun. At the 100-foot mark a fine wire screen is set through which the ball must pass. Another similar screen is set 100 feet beyond this one, through which the shot also passes. The screens are made of very fine copper wire, and are electrically connected with two strong magnets. From each of these magnets depends a steel rod held to the magnets by the magnetic current. When the shot breaks the wires of the first screen one of the rods is released and falls. When it travels 100 feet further and passes through the second screen the second bar falls and strikes a catch that releases a sharp knife which notches the first bar in its descent. The position of that notch is what we use in calculating the speed of the shot.

"The slower the shot is traveling, the longer it takes it to reach the second screen, and consequently the further the bar will fall before the knife is released to mark it.

"By this means the speed of some cannon balls has been found to be as great as 3,000 feet a second where the charge of powder was heavy enough, but generally the initial velocity of an ordinary missile is not over 1,200 feet a second."

Pluto's Safety Valve.

Two and a half miles south of the little Mexican village of Las Hummettas, in Western Arizona, in a low, sandy valley, flanked by tall mountains, there is a hole about three feet in diameter and of unknown depth.

From this cavity, which is as round as if fashioned by an experienced well-digger, a dense cloud of smoke and steam is constantly arising. For 100 feet on each side of this apparently fathomless pit the ground is moist and damp.

Water collected from small holes dug in the damp soil has a curious effect upon the person rash enough to drink it—dispelling sleep for as much as fifty hours in succession.

If the hands and feet be washed in it, it gives them a brazen hue and a paralytic numbness.

Of an evening, about 7 o'clock (seldom varying as much as five minutes either way), large volumes of sand are shot from the hole several yards into the air. Sometimes this latter exhibition is preceded by increased activity and loud subterranean noises; at other times the emission of smoke and steam almost entirely ceases for about ten minutes before the sand-spurting show takes place. The people of Las Hummettas know the hole by the name of "Pluto's Safety Valve."

Hold Your Breath and Let Him Sting.

[Science.]

It is a fact not generally known that if one holds his breath, wasps, bees and hornets can be handled with impunity. The skin becomes sting-proof; holding the insect by the feet and giving it full liberty of action, you can see it drive its weapon against the impenetrable surface with a force that lifts its body at every stroke, but let the smallest quantity of air escape from the lungs and the sting will penetrate at once. We have never seen an exception to this in twenty years' observation. We have taught young ladies with very delicate hands to astonish their friends by the performance of this feat, and we saw one so severely stung as to require the services of a physician, through laughing at a witty remark of her sister, forgetting that laughing required breath. For a theory of explanation we are led to believe that holding the breath partially closes the pores of the skin. Our experiments in that direction have not been exact enough to be of any scientific value, but we are satisfied it very sensibly affects the amount of insensible perspiration.

Charging the Jury.

It sometimes happened during the era of "reconstruction" in South Carolina that the quondam slave was promoted above his former master. So it happened that Pompey Smash, a coal-black negro, became a "trial justice."

It was not long before Pompey had a case before him. When the jury arose and began moving toward the adjoining room for consultation, one of the lawyers interposed and said: "May it please your honor, you have not charged the jury."

Whereupon Judge Pompey gathered up himself and with all possible dignity, said:

"Gen'men of dis jury, as dis is de fust time I have had you befo' me, I cha'ge each one of you one dollar and a half."